## AStrange Message

DORA RUSSELL

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE BROKEN SEAL," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS," "ANNABEL'S RIVAL."

CHAPER XLIV. ILL NEWS.

T is well indeed for us poor children of change and chance that passing events are mercifully hidden from our sight, unless we behold them with our mor-

tal vision. The sailor's wife sleeps while her husband's death-cry rings through the wild storm; and Nora Stewart was sitting smiling in her drawingroom when Biddulph, whom she loved so deeply, lay half dead in the deep ravine among the hills, and when he dreamed there that she visited him in an angel's

She had received the letter that he had written to tell her he was about to start on a tour through America with Mr. Dalton, and this letter had given great relief to her mind. He would be quite out of Malcolm Fraser's way, she vainly supposed, when he was traveling, little guessing with what fierce determination Malcolm had followed him from city to city, or of the terrible encounter that had taken place at last between them.

Minnie Fraser still remained in town with Nora, and Alick Fraser often visited at her house, though he had not summoned up courage again to try his fortune by asking her to be his wife. But all the same he meant to do so, and his annoyance was very great, because he began really to believe that Glendovne also contemplated wooing Nora; and, in truth, this idea was often floating through the good-looking Anglo-Indian's brain, for his heart, it must be confessed, was not very greatly interested in the matter.

But Nora was a charming woman, with a good fortune and a very pleasant house, Glendoyne often reflected; and he liked to go there, and liked also to watch the soit blush which stole to Minnie Fraser's fair cheeks when he did so. He knew very well that Miss Stewart did not blush when he entered her drawing-room; but then, she always smiled and seemed pleased to

But there was more harm than Glenuncanny ways. She knew, too, that Nora | fused. Stewart had loved Mr. Biddulph, and care to talk to the Lees, and he did not | about 12 on Thursday." seem to care to talk to herself. Poor | Nora received this letter actually at halfadmiration pleased Glendovne, and made | Nora. Nora's house still more agreeable to him.

make himself pleasant to indifferent ac- pect?" and Mrs. Conway-Hope signed. quaintances. He lived at his club, and contemplated matrimony in a lazy, far-off | quickly; "and I hope you are well?" fashion, sometimes thinking quite

half seriously to approach the subject of | sum' marriage with Nora Stewart. This event was nothing less than that an additional | Nora, "and I never paid her any little atfortune of fifteen thousand pounds was tentions." left to Nora by her late father's only sister, Miss Cust. The old lady had been an little notice of her niece during her lifetime, and Nora used always smilingly to declare that "Aunt Bessie" was sure to now." leave her money to some favorite curate. But she was mistaken. Miss Cust left five thousand pounds to various charities; but the bulk of her comfortable fortune was bequeathed to Leonora Cust Stewart, for Miss Cust had never approved of Nora entirely dropping her father's name.

Glendovne heard of this bequest by finding Nora one afternoon when he called. attired in deep mourning. He ventured to inquire the cause, and listened to the account of "Aunt Bessie's" legacy with a very bitter one. certain mild interest and a mental pricking-up of the ears. It was not much, to be sure, but Glendoyne was actually poor, and as he sat and gazed pensively at Nora with his half-pathetic dark eyes, he | handsome before.

It might be that her black gown contrasted well with her fair skin, or it might | be the extra money, but Glendoyne nearly with some friends of her mother's, and Nora and Glendovne were quite alone. It was an opportunity he rarely found, and Glendoyne, after a few moments' consideration, endeavored to take advantage

"Do you-ab-think a man is better married or unmarried, Miss Stewart?" he asked, in his slow way, and Nora immediately answered, with great frankness: "I think married, Lord Glendoyne."

"Ah-that is some encouragement; but it requires -ah -so much money.' "Oh, no; it requires some, of course, but if a man really cares for a girl, money

is a second consideration.' "But how is a man to know that the girl cares?" inquired Glendoyne, a dusky lush stealing over his usually pale skin. "That is easily found out, isn't it?" said Nora, with a little laugh, and a blush | told her visitor the next day at breakfast.

"I wish I could find out." "But have you tried?" asked Nora, a little archly, for she always believed that

begin to feel a little nervous, and this em-boldened Glendoyne.

"I wond r now-ah, Miss Stewart, if abruptly. you like mo?" "Yes, of course I like you; but ---"But I mean for good, you know. Do | there in the winter you like me well enough to take me for

"I suppose you are joking?" said Nora, 'Indeed, no; never was more in earn-

heavy mustache with his slender hand. "I still believe you are joking; but if you are not, I will tell you the truth, Lord Mr. Biddulph; but it is a subject that is Glendoyne. You know I was very nearly being married once, and that it was broken off through no fault of-Mr. Biddulph, and I am not one to quickly change." Nora's voice broke and faltered as she

uttered the last few words, and Glendoyne was too gentlemanly to pursue the sub-

"I can understand that," he said quietly; and a minute later he began to talk of something else, and parted with Nora half an hour after without the slightest change in his usually languid manner.

And he continued to go to her house the same as formerly, and Minnie Fraser | over Sunday at least?" never imagined for a moment that Glendoyne had actually thought of marrying Nora Stewart. Lady Barbara Biddulph, however, guessed this, for she was a shrewd woman, but knew also how to keep her observations to herself.

And she understood that, though Nora bore herself so bravely before the world, she was "not one to quickly change." Little things told Lady Barbara very plainly that Nora's love for James Bid-dulph had not grown cold during the long came a little more amiable; but both months of his absence.

"I wish that woman were only dead," Lady Bab frequently reflected; but she did not say this to Nora Stewart. Nora rarely indeed mentioned Biddulph's name to his aunt; she thought of him too much to make him the subject of commonplace was caused by the letter Biddulph had

And she began to grow exceedingly uneasy at not hearing from him as time went on, and also at receiving no letter from Malcolm Fraser. She had sent Malcolm some money which Alick Fraser had given her to forward to him, and no acknowldgment of this had arrived from him. And about the middle of June Mrs. Jock Fraser wrote to Nora, anxiously to inquire when she had last heard from Malcolm. The last letter she had received was the one written after the news that her marriage was broken off had reached Malcolm, and to Nora's answer to this Malcolm had

Nora was obliged to tell Mrs. Jock this, but added that she expected every day to hear from him. But days passed away, and no letter came, and before the end of June Nora determined to return to Scot-

One reason for this decision was to see him there. And as for thinking of | escape a prolonged visit from Mrs. Con-Minnie seriously, he self-argued, it was | way-Hope. Though this lady had left absurd; she had no money, and he had no | Rossmore in a rage, she did not actually money, therefore it was out of the ques- mean to quarrel with Nora. She had tion. But all the same she was a dear lit- written twice during the season to offer tle girl, and he liked to talk to her, and, of | to stay "a few days" at Nora's house, but course, there could be no possible harm in | Nora had replied she had no spare room at present, and Mrs. Conway-Hope had found it impossible to go. When she downe allowed himself to suppose. Minnie | heard, however, that Miss Cust had left Fraser, brought up among the Scottish | an additional fortune to Nora, Mrs. Conhills, knew very little of the world and its | way-Hope determined no longer to be re-

Nora received a letter one morning, askbeen parted from him on the very eve of king if she might arrive on the following her marriage, and that she was not likely | day. as she was "passing through town a girl soon to forget her first love. She and hated hotels." "If, my dear Nora, I naturally supposed, therefore, that Glen- | receive no answer to this, I shall expect I doyne did not go to Nora's house exclu- shall be welcome," read Nora, with consively to see Nora. He did not seem to sternation, "and I shall hope to see you

little simple Scottish maiden! Minnie past 12 o'clock on Thursday. It was never thought that Nora's fortune might | dated two days back, but as Nora sprang be more precious in Glendovne's sight | up to send a telegram to stop her, a cab than her own tender heart, which he was | drove up to the door, and "Cousin Margafast stealing away. Each day he grew | ret" herself appeared, in her limp black, more interesting to her, and her timid | and three minutes later was embracing

"You would get my letter yesterday," He went with them to exhibitions and she said as she pressed her gray-tinted picture galleries, but rarely into society. visage against Nora's face. "Well, my Glendoyne, in truth, hated crowded "at | dear Nora, how are you? You are not homes," and took very little trouble to looking very well, but what could we ex-

"I am fairly well," answered Nora, "I am fairly well also, though I must seriously of Nora, and then allowing him- say I have felt very much hurt not to be self to drift away from the idea and glide remembered in the will of Bessie Cust. very naturally into a semi-tender conver- I cannot understand it; I am her own sation with the pretty girl, whom he al- cousin, and I never neglected to send her ways told himself it was absurd to a Christmas card, and even an Easter one, and I wrote to her regularly, and natur-But as the season moved on, an event ally expected some little acknowledgoccurred which somewhat quickened his | ment of all these attentions. I underlanguid pulses, and induced him one day stand you have received a considerable

"Fifteen thousand pounds," laughed

"She was a most eccentric person and exceedingly disagreeable, and set up to be invalid and a recluse, and had taken very so religious too, though I must say I never saw any practical results of her piety." "Poor old lady! we ought to let her rest

sure, that I naturally feel a little indignant. I think people ought to remember | cide what it will be best to do." their relations when they are making their

"But Aunt Bessie did, you know." "I at least have no reason to feel any respect for her memory," said Mrs. Conway-Hope, severely; and Nora soon found that the grievance of Miss Cust's will was a

It made Mrs. Conway-Hope more sour even than usual, and was for ever rankling in her mind. Even poor Minnie Fraser did not escape a passing stab.

"And how is your poor mother, Miss thought he had never seen her look so Fraser?" asked Mrs. Conway-Hope, with a meaning sign. "She is very well, thank you," answered

Minnie, blushing scarlet, "Ah! it was very sad," said Mrs. Conmade up his mind. Minnie Fraser was | way-Hope, shaking her head; and Minnie not there to distract his attention, for she | naturally felt this allusion to her unfortunate brother very deeply.

"And that dreadful woman, Lady Barbara Biddulph; I trust, my dear Nora, that you see nothing now of her?" "I frequently see her," replied Nora, with hightened color; "Lady Barbara is a

great favorite of mine." Mrs. Conway-Hope raised her evebrows and her shoulders with an expression as much as to say that words would be poor to declare her feelings on the subject. In fact, she was so disagreeable all round, that Nora confessed to Minnie Fraser, before the first day of her visit was over.

that she really could not stand it. "Let us leave town the day after tomorrow, Minnie; and if she offers to go with us to Scotland, I shall just simply refuse," said Nora; and it was thus settled. "You know, Cousin Margaret, that we start for Rossmore on Saturday?" Nora

"Do you really! I thought the painful associations connected with the place would have been too recent, Nora. I wonder you don't take a house at some south country watering-place instead, par-Glendoyne really admired Minnie Fraser. south country watering-place instead, par-"I was just thinking of-ah-doing so." ticularly when you have got all this large Something in his manner made Nora sum of ready money now at your com-

mand." "I prefer my own home," said Nora,

"Still, dear, after all the sad, indeed dreadful, circumstances which took place Nora rose and walked out of the room, better or for worse, as they say in the and Mrs. Conway-Hope looked after her prayer-book, don't they?" with a sigh.

for them there.

scandul and trouble?"

"I believe Nora hears occasionally from never mentioned to her," replied Minnie. "Well, it is certainly an unpleasant one for you all," said Mrs. Conway-Hope; but later in the day she found she had gone a little too far, for when she more than hinted to Nora that she was quite ready to go with them the next day to Scotland, fora took not the slightest notice of her scarcely veiled proposal.

"It will be very inconvenient for me to leave here on Saturday, my dear Nora," she presently suggested; "I reckoned on spending a week or ten days at least with you. Would you mind letting me remain

"Not in the least," answered Nora, "only there will be no one in the house but the charwoman, as I take all the servants down with me." "Could you not leave a couple of them

for a day or two?" Nora finally agreed to leave one of the housemaids; and Mrs. Conway-Hope having thus provided herself with free quarters for a week or two-for she really had Nora and Minnie Fraser were still exceed-

ingly glad to think that they would soon be rid of her company. They had fixed to start in an early train for the north, but before they left town written to her from the hotel at Glendive. to sell her of Malcolm Fraser's dangerous condition. He said as little about his own injuries as possible, but Nora read his letter with pale cheeks and bated breath. Instantly her mind turned to the extraordinary coincidence that both Malcolm and Biddulph should be injured, and that they should have met in the valley of the Yellowstone river, when Malcolm had expressed no intention of going there. "He has followed James," thought Nora, with that quick intuition of the truth which women possess. "He is keeping something back. Oh, this is terrible, too terri-

She clasped her hands, and stood there thinking what she should do. "I think his parents should know at once," Biddulph had written, "for I shall not disguise from you that the doctor here has a very bad opinion of his case. I shall try to get him back to New York, and both you and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser may depend upon my doing everything that is possible for him; but the injury to his spine is

very serious." Had they fought, and had Biddulph shot him? Nora asked herself, with a sinking heart. And how could she tell the mother this, who had already become

so anxious about her son? "Poor Malcolm-poor boy, poor boy!" and Nora's tears fell fast. All her young cousin's hot faults were forgiven and forgotten now, for Nora knew Biddulph would not have written as he had done if there had been much ground for hope. And if Biddulph's hand had done this? But no, this could not, could not be!

Nora tried at first to disguise her agitation from Minnie Fraser, who came into the room while she was still standing with Biddulph's letter in her hand, but Minnie instantly perceived something

"What is the matter, Nora?" she asked anxiously. "Nothing has happened at home, has there?" "No, dear," faltered Nora.

"Then, it is something about poor Mal-colm," cried Minnie. "I see it is, Nora! Oh! what has happened? He-he-is "He has had an accident, and is badly injured," said Nora, as Minnie paused "I've had a letter from Mr. Biddulph, and

he has met Malcolm somewhere in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone valley, and-and he is going to take him back to New York.

"Mr. Biddulph!" repeated Minnie, and her face flushed, "Oh, Nora, what could they have to do with each other? Poor Malcolm hated Mr. Biddulph. There is a square, and he will, no doubt, return | hand.

"They've quarreled, and Malcom has been hurt. Oh! what will mother say? This will just break her heart."

Minnie began to sob aloud, and Nora too was greatly overcome. That this idea | poor Malcolm again. should have occurred to Minnie also seemed like confirmation of her own fears. back his own danger out of tender consideration for her, Nora now thought with blanched cheeks and a sinking heart.

"What shall we do, Minnie?" she asked. "Telegraph for your father, or go home?" "Then poor mother would be left alone if my father came here, and that would be "But you can understand, Nora, I am | so dreadful for her. Let us go home, as we intended, Nora, and then father will de-

They settled this, and went on with their preparations for leaving town in silent anxiety and grief. "Don't let us tell Mrs. Conway-Hope," Minnie said; and Nora spoke no word to

That lady, however, noticed that both the | nodded and went away with bowed head | and silently took Nora's hand. girls had evidently been greatly disturbed, | and pallid face, to tell his wife the mournand that their eyelids were red and swollen | ful news. with tears. "I hope you have had no ill news, my

dear Nora?" sheasked, curiously; but Nora made no answer, and Mrs. Conway-Hope instantly decided that her conjecture had

"It is something about that wretched Biddulph, I dare say," she thought; "or perhaps young Fraser. Oh, well, they may keep their secrets if they like."

And they did keep their secret and know what was the matter. They sat with their hands clasped together in the railway carriage and tried to speak (each for the other's sake) more hopefully than they felt.

"Father and mother are sure to go to New York," Minnie said; "mother, I know, will not bear to think that Malcolm is very ill, and that she is not near to nurse him."

"If they go," answered Nora, with heaving breast and a sudden flush dving her pale face, "I shall go, too. I-I must see poor Malcolm again.

"To see you would do him more good than anything else, Nora. Poor Malcolm! he cared for no one as he cared for you. "And I cared for him, too, Minnie, but I thought of him as a boy, a brother. But he may get well still; the doctors at New York may bring him round. We must hope for the best, dear."

"Yes;" and again Minnie's blue eyes grew full of tears. He was her only brother, and these two had grown up to gether side by side, and made the old home bright, until the fatal passion had seized on Malcolm which had destroyed

They traveled the whole day, and it was late at night when they reached the little highland station nearest Rossmore, and found Jock Fraser's friendly face waiting

"Well, my dears," he said, going up to spent hours and hours of sleepless anx-the door of the railway carriage, and kiss-iety, thinking of Biddulph, It was "not Sage.

"Poor dear Nora is terribly upset still, ing them each heartily as he handed them for the poor boy's sake," as Jock Fraser evidently," she said, turning to Minnie out. He was glad to bave his little Minnie had truly thought, that she was grieving Fraser. "Do you ever hear anything of back again, and he was fend of Nora Stew- most deeply. Biddulph had admitted est," answered Glendoyne, stroking his the dreadful man who caused all this art; but presently he noticed that Nora that he also was injured, though he has looked very pale and sad, and that Minnie also seemed ill at ease.

"You are both far too tired," he said, in his kindly way. "If it wasn't that mother would like to see you, Minnie, I would ask Nora to give you a bed, and not take you across the loch to-night."

"Come with us to Rossmore, Jock," said Nora; "I've got something to tell you." Jock Fraser's brown face instantly flushed, and an anxious thought for his son crept into his heart. "Nothing about-" he said, in a low,

pained tone, and paused. "Wait until we get to Rossmore," whispered Nora, and scarcely a word was | went. spoken by the three in the short drive to Nora's home. When they reached it, Jock Fraser drew Nora into the diningroom and closed the door behind them, as the servants were bringing in the lug-

"What is it, Nora, my dear?" he asked anxiousiv. "Not surely about my poor

"Malcolm has had an accident, Jock, faltered Nora, "and-and Mr. Biddulph has written to tell me about it. I got the letter this morning." "Biddulph?" repeated Jock, in great

surprise and agitation. "Yes; they met, it seems, somewhere near the valley of the Yellowstone river, and it was there Malcolm's accident occurred. But you had better read Mr. Biddulph's letter-this is it;" and Nora put it into his hand, and scarcely dared to look at the father's face when he read the words, which seemed to him like a death

sentence to his only son. "My God!" he cried, and grew pale, and his hands trembled.

"We must try to hope," said Nora, who was deeply moved; "he is young and strong. By this time I hope he will be back to New York, and the doctors there may be able to cure him. But Jock shook his head. "Who will tell his mother?" he groaned.

"Oh, my poor Jennie!" "He must have fallen down some cliff, I suppose."

with his white, dry lips. "Where did Malcolm get the money to go on such a long and expensive journey, and why were we not told? There is some secret. Nora; Biddulph is keeping something Jock Fraser.

"Your brother Alick sent him some money through me," said Nora. "But why should you go to the Yellowstone valley? And Biddulph, it seems he is hurt too. Nora, can these two have

Nora did not speak; she looked up in Jock's face, and he saw what she feared.' "Oh, my poor boy!" said Jock greatly overcome; and he turned away his head. He was too just a man to blame Biddulph, even if this were so; it had been his rash, headstrong son who had brought this on himself, Jock at this moment felt

"Mr. Biddulph, I am sure," said Nora, 'would never willingly have injured Malcolm, but Malcolm wrote to me in very | hour. bitter terms about him after my marriage was broken off, and he may "Have forced Biddulph to fight him? Yes;" and Jock covered his face with his

hand and then sat wearily down. "Dear Jock," said Nora, with tender pity, laying her hand on her half-cousin's

Then Jock looked at her, with his wet, brown, pathetic eyes. "It's his mother I'm thinking of, Nora. God knows both our hearts have been I think; it will kill his mother. "It may not be so bad,"

"Biddulph would never have written this"—and Jock pointed to the open letter von unjust," answered Jock, gently kisslying on the table—"if he thought the ing his wife's cheeks. "See how you are lad would live. But we must go to him, f he's alive still. I'll take Jeanie to kind to our poor children.' New York, but we must telegraph to Bid-

dulph first. Where did he stay? "At the Fifth-ave, hotel, in Madison- haps by her husband's words, held out her

"I'll telegraph to-morrow, then." "And, Jock, if you and Jeanie go to New York, I should like to go with you,' said Nora. "I-I, too, should like to see Jock did not speak; again he lifted his eyes and looked sadly into her face. He And Biddulph? Perhaps he was keeping was too shrewd not to know Nora's am sure he will do everything for him motive for wishing to go with them. "It's | that he can."

not for the poor boy's sake," he thought, but without any bitterness, for the kind laird knew that Malcolm's love had all een wasted.
"Well, my dear," he said, a few mograsped in her trembling hand. And been wasted. ments later, and he rose, "I must go to strange, as she read she seemed to gain poor Jeanie now. Keep Minnie with you to-night; Jeanie and I will bear it best

Nora had no heart to detain him, nor to speak any more consoling words. She spine. We must start at once, Jock; get went with him to the room door, and to Liverpool to-day." kissed him.

"It I can do anything, Jock, send for at the room door, and entered, looking

CHAPTER XLV. "OUR ONE BOY."

The next morning, before Nora was up, doctor?"
a note arrived for her from Airdlinn. It with deep pity.

DEAR NORA-Will you come here as soon as possible, and bring Biddulph's letter with you, for poor Jeanie is in a dreadful state, and insists there," she said. started on their journey without satisfying Mrs. Conway-Hope's strong desire to first and telegraph to Biddulph, to know day. Let Jock go to Glasgow, and teleif it will be of any avail, before I allow her to do graph to New York to ask if they've this. If it is too late to see our poor boy alive, arrived yet," said the doctor, who had reit would but give her uscless pain. It is very | ceived a hint from Jock Fraser about what terrible to me to see her. Yours affectionately, he was to advise. "Miss Nora Stewart last year's statement. J. FRASER. here will stay wi' ye while Jock's away,

About an hour after receiving this, Nora | and I'll gi' ye a draught so that ye'll ha' a and Minnie started for Airdinn, arriving bit o' sleep to frishen ye up for yer there in the dewy freshness of the morn- journey.' ing; and while all nature was smiling outside the gray old house by the blue loch. inside the unhappy mother was walking started for Glasgow, and telegraphed from up and down the bedroom in a condition thence to Biddulph, Fifth-ave, hotel, New pitiable to behold.

her hand. "How is Jeanie?" whispered Nora. "About as ill as she can be, I think," answered Jock. "I've sent for Alexander, | eagerly forward to seeing his parents. and you, my dear, will you stay with her

while I go to Glasgow? "Yes, of course I will stay, Jock." "It's a terrible business, but it's no use going to New York—if——" And Jock Fraser turned away his head.

"We must hope for better news." "Yes; and, Nora, bear with poor Jeanie, even if she is unjust a bit to Biddulph. She is broken down with grief, you know, and may say things she should not; "Do not be afraid, Jock; I feel too

much for her." answered Nora, with faltering tongue and dim eyes. She in truth felt worn and weak, for she had

A CAREFUL REVIEW OF THE SUBJECT. made as light as possible of his own suf-

"They have fought," Nora had told herself again and again during the night, "and James also is wounded, though he has tried to spare me.'

This idea filled Nora's heart with a strange yearning to look once more upon his face. But she did not admit even to herself that she wished to go to New York to see Biddulph. It was "poor Mal-colm," whose hand she hoped to clasp once more before he died, that would take her there, she told herself; and she determined to go if Mr. and Mrs. Fraser

"Come up to Jeanie, now," said Jock, a

Nora had been prepared to find Mrs. Jock in bitter distress, but was scarcely prepared for the mournful sight that now | was not a hurrahing crowd, but rather met her gaze. Mrs. Jock, dressed in a such an audience as would relish a carewhite dressing-gown, with her fair grizzled hair pushed back disorderly from her brow, and her blue eyes fixed, wide-open, staring as it were into distance, was pacing up and down her bed room like a woman bereft of reason. And as her husband and Nora entered, she stopped abruptly,

and at once addressed Nora.
"Have you brought it?" she said, her haggard face flushing for a moment as if with intense indignation. "Have you brought the letter from the man who has killed my son?"

"Hush, Jeanie! do not talk thus," said Jock Fraser, soothingly. "Is the truth never to be spoken?" answered Mrs. Fraser, passionately. "Nora Stewart knows it is true, and you know it is true! Biddulph has murdered my boy -murdered my boy!" And she wrung her hands together, and then fell upon the bed in a paroxysm, a very agony of

"Oh, dear Jeanie, do not give way thus," said Nora, going up to her and laying her hand on her shoulder. But Mrs. Jock started, and pushed

away Nora's hand as if the touch had stung her. "But how did he get there?" asked Jock is all through you! For love of this man you first broke Malcom's heart, and now "Don't come near me," she said, "for it

you have killed him between you." what Nora did for poor Malcolm," said "What she did for him!" cried the wretched mother, turning round and facing her husband. "Yes, I'll tell you what she did. She taught him to love her, encouraged him to love her, till this

any longer," continued the unhappy woman, beginning once more her restless pacings; "this is the truth, and now the end has come!" "Malcolm may get well, Jeanic," said

man came, and then she turned away.

Don't try to deceive me with soft words

Nora, gently, "He shall have his mother at least beside him; he has his mother still!" and Mrs. Jock clasped her hands together. | to the argument. Reading from manu-"Jock, get things ready; we must start at | script, Senator McDonald said: once, you know-we must net lose an

"We can't start while you are in such a state, Jeanie; try to compose yourself, my

dear," said Jock Fraser. "How can I?" she answered, "when I think-" And again she wrung her hands convulsively together and looked wildly up in her husband's face. But when she met Jock's sad brown eyes, and read the unspoken grief there, her mood suddenly changed.

"Forgive me," she said; and went up to him, and clung to his arm. "Forgive me, nigh broken as it is, but this will finish it, . Jock; but I am only a weak woman, you boy, our darling son. "Yes, dear; but grief should not make

> distressing poor Nora, who has been so Nora's tears were now flowing fast, and Mrs. Jock, seeing this, and moved per-

> "Don't mind me, Nora; I don't know what I'm doing or saving, I think. I-I may be unjust, as Jock says; but-"Only try to take comfort, Jeanie, and hope for the best," said Nora, grasping the hand extended to her. "In his letter, Mr. Biddulph says you may depend upon him taking the greatest care of Malcolm, and I

> "May I see his letter?" For a moment Nora hesitated, and then drew Biddulph's letter from the pocket of

"His spine?" she repeated, quoting the letter; "but many people recover, and live for years at least, with injuries to the At this moment Dr. Alexander rapped

"Cousin Margaret" of Malcolm Fraser. me," she said, in a low tone; and he sadly enough from one parent to the other, "Ye've had bad news from the laddie, I hear, Mrs. Jock?" he said, with infinite

tenderness of tone. "He has had an accident," she answered eagerly; "he has hurt his spine. But peocan live with injured spines, can't they,

"Na doot; and the laddie's young and was from Jock Fraser, and Nora read it strang. Ye must keep up yer heart, Mrs. "We are going to Liverpool to-day, and

from there to New York. We'll soon be

After some difficulty, Mrs. Jock was persuaded to follow this advice. Jock Fraser ap and down the bedroom in a condition thence to Biddulph, Fifth-ave. hotel, New York, and waited in Glassgow until the reply arrived. It was as follows, so Jock sorrowful, wern face, and silently clasped | had some hope to take back to the unhappy

mother at Ardlinn: Arrived safely at New York. M. bors journey better than we expected; is looking

(To be continued next week.) The Doctor's Stratagem. [German Paper.]

Two doctors meet on the street and engage in conversation. "I saw you take off your hat to that lady who just passed. Do you know her?"
"Yes, I prescribed for her not long ago."
"What was the matter with her?" "She had a boil on her chin." "What did you prescribe?" "I didn't really prescribe anything, but I told her the only sure way to prevent it turning into a cancer was to give up piano playing." "What good will that do?" "It will do a great deal of good. She lives on the floor above me."

During a pole-raising in Otsego county, New York, a cannon was prematurely discharged, killing John Dickson, Albert Sorgent and Fred

He Points Out the Absurdities and Injustices of the Protective System and Shows

Wherein Workingmen Would Be

Benefited by a Reduction.

[From Tuesday's Daily Sontinel, Aug. 28.] Last night's weather dampened pretty much everything about the city except the enthusiasm at the criminal courtroom. The rain, of course, told on the audience, as did the fact that it was only Sunday announced that Senator McDonald would speak last evening. But despite moment later; and he led the way to his the rain and the late announcement, the aisles were comfortably filled with listeners, who were unable to procure seats. It fully prepared argument more than spread-

eagleism. Noticeable by their presence

were a number of republicans of the Pink



appreciate and be interested in the able

Senator McDonald's entrance into the court-room was enthusiastically applauded. A score of friends gathered about him during the interim before the time for beginning the address. With these he chatted pleasantly and encour-

agingly about state and national outlook. Promptly at 8 o'clock Mr. John W. Kern introduced Senator McDonald as "one of the most distinguished sons of Indiana.' As the senator spoke it was evident that he had recovered from the cold which has been troubling him for several days. The speech was frequently interrupted by applause, but the noticeable feature was the remarkably close attention that was paid

SENATOR M'DONALD SPEAKS.

Indiana's Old Roman Reviews the Issues of the Campaign. GENTLEMEN OF THE HENDRICKS CLUB AND FELLOW CITIZENS-At the opening of the present session of cong.ess, President Cleveland, in his annual message, devoted almost exclusively to that subject, called the fact that "the amount of money annually exacted through the operation of present laws from the industries and necessities of the people largely exceeded know, and-and I loved him so, our one the sum necessary to meet the expenses of the government;" that as a consequence of this condition of our revenue laws the national treasury was becoming "a hoarding place for money needlessly withdrawn from trade and the people's use, thus crippling our national energies, suspending our country's development, preventing in-

vestments in productive enterprises, threatening financial disturbance and inviting schemes of public plunder." This was the legacy the republican party had left to the people of the United States. When that party came into power the national revenues, if they had been levied upon the pro rata principle, would only have equaled \$1.80 per head; when it went

out of power the average rate of taxation per head was \$6.30. As the evil results of this over-taxation are bound to continue until ended by legislative action, the president enjoined upon the representatives of the people "the simple and plain duty of reducing

ening their means of subsistence and increasing the measure of their comforts." The condition of the treasury at the close of the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June last justified the president in all he had said in his message. From official riod were \$269,000,000, leaving a net bal-

THE REVENUE SYSTEM.

The Necessity Clearly Pointed Out by the President.

Since the president's message the ques-

tions growing out of the condition of our revenue laws, and the necessity of reform so clearly pointed out in it have formed the chief topic of political discussion and the attitude of the two great parties of the country with respect to those questions form the leading issues of this political campaign. As is well known, our national revenues are chiefly drawn from two different systems of taxation-customs duties and internal taxes in the form of excises upon whisky, tobacco and malt liquor. In the last fiscal year our revenues from customs duties amounted to \$219,000,000, being the largest amount ever collected in one year from that source; our internal taxes amounted to \$124,000 .-000; our revenue from other sources to about thirty million dollars, making the aggregate what I have heretofore stated. The power to levy taxes is vested in the federal government by the following pro-vision of the federal constitution: "The congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises;' and the purposes for which this power may be exercised is specifically stated in | itself in the southwest and states of the

the following lain tage: "To pay the debts and provide or the common de-fense and general trare of the United States, but all dution imposts and ex-cises shall be united in throughout the United States." For will be seen that the power too day and collect taxes is not unlimited at it could hardly be expected that it would be in a government like that of the United States, exercising only granted powers. Having been formed by the states to secure the general welfare of the United States, the taxing power, which in governments in general is regarded to have no limitation except in the discretion of the law-makers, was wisely restricted in the federal constitution by its framers, to the uses and purposes necessarily incident to the federal government. It must, therefore, be exercised for a public purpose, general in its benefits to the people of the United States. Any attempt to use it for private advantage or in behalf of any class of our

citizens is a gross perversion of the power. The response which the democrate made to the president's message was the formulation and passage through the house of representatives of what is known as the Mills bill. This bill, after encountering all the opposition which it was possible for the republican members of the house to present to it (except revolu-tionary action), passed that body on the 21st day of July last by a majority of thirteen, and was the same day trans-

mitted to the senate. Those who were concerned in the framework and passage of that bill claim for it that it will reduce the revenues in the neighborhood of \$78,000,000 per annum, and that of this amount \$24,000,000, in round numbers, is from the repeal of the tobacco tax and \$22,000,000 from the addition made to the free list. These cannot be conjectural, but it may be doubted whether the reduction on the dutiable list will amount to as much as is claimed for it by the framers of the bill; but it is a step, and a good, long step in the direction of revenue reform.

THE MILLS BILL. The Occasion for Its Denunciation by the

Republicans. There has, perhaps, been no measure brought before congress in the last quarter of a century that has received such unqualified denunciation from the republican party as the so-called Mills bill, and vet, notwithstanding the facts as repre sented by the president's message, it is the only measure before congress up to this time proposing any reduction of the revenue or any remedy for the evils

threatening the country with overtaxa-In discussing this measure I shall pay no attention to the denunciations hurled! at it by the republican speakers and press, but shall endeavor to answer such objections as are actually made do it. I shall also consider it somewhat from an Indiana standpoint. While I do not agree with the idea that the tariff question is a local issue, I know very well that men have a habit of voting according to what they deem to be their own interests or the interests of section in which they live, rather than to

take into consideration the interests of the whole country. The chief features of the Mills bill consist in transferring to the free list raw wool, timber, salt, hemp and its equivalents, together with quite a number of other articles of lesser importance; of reducing the tariff on woolen fabrics to 40 per cent, ad valorem; of reducing the tariff on steel and iron blooms and steel rails to from 30 to 35 per cent.; of reducing the the attention of congress and the people to | tariff on sugar; and the repeal of the tax

on tobacco and products, except as to cigars and cigarettes. First in importance in the changes thus indicated are those made in the wool and woolen schedules. The republican party, having been from its organization a sectional party, endeavors in every measure of public importance to find some ground of accusing the democratic party of being specially favorable to the South, and among the first and most prominent objections made to the change in the wool tartifs is that it is a discrimination against the northern interests in favor of southern interests; in fact, this charge runs throughout pretty nearly the entire list of accusations brought against the Mills bill, and will be noticed somewhat in detail. So far from this being true with reference to the wool and woolen tariffs, and the changes proposed, if they discriminate against any section of the country t is against the Southwest and the Pacific states. There have been changes going on from the very foundation of our government, in regard to what may be termed the wool centers, that are irrespective of tariff provisions. In the taxation to the necessary expenses of an early history of our country New England economical operation of government and was the center of wool production; then restore to the business of the country the | it shifted to the middle states, then to the money held in the treasury through the West, and finally it passed the Mississippi perversion of governmental power." This river, and is located in the southeastern he insisted could be done "with safety to states and territories and in the states of all our industries, without danger to the the Pacific slope. It may be interesting opportunities for remunerative labor to recur to the statistics upon that subject

which our workmen need, and with ben- for a moment, from which it will appear efits to them and all our people, by cheap- that as late as 1860 the New England and middle states maintained the lead in the production of wool, although from 1840 to 1860 the number of sheep in the New England states had run down from nearly 4,000,000 to considerably less than 2,000,000. In 1880 the western states were largely in statements published, it appears that the the lead and the southern states following gross receipts of the government for the next, while the middle and New England preceding year, from all sources, were, in | states were rapidly ceasing to be woolround numbers, \$379,000,000, and that the | growing states at all in any proper sense. aggregate expenditures for the same pe- From 1875 to 1887 the aggregate number of sheep in the United States increased ance of receipts over expenditures of \$110,- from \$3,000,000 to 44,000,000, but in that 000,000; that there was at the close of the same period the number fell off in the fiscal year an actual accumulation in the | New England, the middle and the western treasury of over \$103,000,000, for which states, but increased largely in the souththe government had no present use; and ern states, the Pacific coast and the terriit is a fact well known to the public that tories. In 1887 the state of California was this surplus is being increased by daily a long way in the lead of any other state, receipts of revenue over current expenses | having an aggregate of over 6,000,000 head at a rate not less than shown by the of sheep. Texas came next with over 4,700,000, Ohio with 4,500,000, and New Mexico almost equal with Ohio in number. As to our own state, we had lost in that period of twelve years nearly 300,000 head. In 1875 the nuber accredited to us

was 1,300,000, while in 1887 it was 1,034,000. The cause of these changes is very evident, and is more climatic than anything else. Of course cheap lands had much, also, to do with it, particularly in shifting the centers from the New England and middle states to the western; but it is very evident that sheep cannot be raised in herds of any considerable number except in a climate in which they can exist without shelter the year around, and that a country that will produce them and sustain them in great numbers at no other or greater expense in caring for them than is expended in the employment of a shepherd and his dog, cannot be competed with in the production of cheap wool by such countries as ours, where they can only be raised in flocks of very limited numbers, and where it becomes necessary to give them shelter and provide food for them from four to six months in the year.

WOOL-GROWING. Not in the Least Injured by Taking Off

the Duty. From these facts it is evident that the wool center has passed us by and located